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THE
STANDARD POETRY BOOK.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown :
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired :
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
 Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies:
 A great enchantress you may be;
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of you.
 Indeed, I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear;
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall:
 The guilt of blood is at your door:
 You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
 You held your course without remorse,
 To make him trust his modest worth,
 And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
 You pine among your halls and towers:

The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands ?
 Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

Tennyson.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lowly pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

I.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

4

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Campbell.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here : if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."
—*Matt. xvii. 4.*

METHINKS it is good to be here :
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?
Not Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Oh, no !
Affrighted he shrinketh away ;
For, see ! they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah, no !—she forgets
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
The trappings which dizen the proud ?
Alas ! they are all laid aside—
And here's neither dress nor adornment any more,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain—
Who hid, in their turn have been hid—
The treasures are squander'd again—
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board:
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,—
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear,—
Peace, Peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow:
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise:
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfill'd,—
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

Herbert Knowles.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When Heaven is fill'd with music sweet,
Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make with social wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Logan.

WOLSEY'S ADVICE TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

Shakspeare.

EVE'S LAMENT ON HER EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?—thus leave
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At eve, which I bred up with tender hand,
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?

Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Milton.

THE GARDEN.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bell is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, ^{*}purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Shelley.

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shiv'ring, in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Byron.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Collins.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Longfellow.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their green sward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told ;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silv'ry brook,
And round the hamlet fanes ;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flow'ry sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see?"

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"

"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone;

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'playning of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou dye for love of me?—
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O, weep not, lady, weep not soe:
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek."

" O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

" And now, alas ! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye."

" Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine :
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

" Our joys as wingèd dreams doe flye ;
Why, then, should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past."

" O say not soe, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not soe :
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my teares should flow.

" And will he never come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah, no ! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

" His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he !
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas ! and woe is me !"

" Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not soe:
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home! for evermore
A pilgrim I will bee.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass-turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

Percy.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet;
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Campbell.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit pay'd,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn-bush with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!

* * * * *

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door.
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel, gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Goldsmith.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!

Thou dost innocently enjoy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year !
 To thee. of all things upon earth,
 Life's no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect ! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Cowley.

PRAYER.

WHERE, then, shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
 Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer ;
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;

For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Johnson.

✓ LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure ;
But the least motion which they made,
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

Wordsworth.

ON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow—
 Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—
 Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
 We sail'd, and heard the waters round the prow
 In murmurs parting; varying as we go,
 Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
 As some grey convent-wall, or sunlit spire
 Starts up, along the banks, unfolding slow.
 Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
 Frown as we pass!—There, on the vineyard's side,
 The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide;
 While grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
 Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

Bowles.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee,
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.
 The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream, is laid;
 The Indian knows his place of rest
 Far in the cedar shade.
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep,
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth !

Mrs. Hemans.

LINES ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN
SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of Love ?
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death,
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living, and to breathe their breath !
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife ;
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life !

Hood.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Float near me; do not yet depart!
 Dead times revive in thee:
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
 The time, when in our childish plays,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly!
 A very hunter did I rush
 Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs
 I follow'd on from brake to bush;
 But she, God love her! fear'd to brush
 The dust from off its wings.

Wordsworth.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This child I to myself will take,
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse, and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

“She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing palm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her—for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place;
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height;
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

Wordsworth.

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray !
 And, when I cross'd the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day,
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green ;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
 You to the town must go ;
 And take a lantern, child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, will I gladly do !
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster-clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook
 And snapp'd a faggot band ;
 He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither in the mountain roe :
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down :
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,
"In Heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall :

And then an open field they cross'd :
The marks were still the same ;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

Wordsworth.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

RISE, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross!" each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!

Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year!
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.

Pope.

G R E E C E.

FAIR clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times the transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by wings, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by Nature given
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest ;
Whose bark in shelter'd cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour ;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign

To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

SATAN'S MEETING WITH URIEL IN THE SUN.

He soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid:
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round; on some great charge employed
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,

Admonished by his ear, and straight was known
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
 That run through all the heavens, or down to th' earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land.

Milton.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

John. COME hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet
 But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say—but let it go—
 The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience; if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes);
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not: yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do it.

John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me; Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Shakspeare.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's
 praise,
 I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
 days,
 When that great Fleet Invincible^o against her bore in
 vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
 Spain.
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
 day,
 There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth
 bay;

Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
mile;
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty
hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.
With his white hair unbonnetted the stout old sheriff
comes;
Behind march the halberdiers, before him sound the
drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an
ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her
Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield:
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw
your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her
wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold;
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance
spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu:

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's cov'nant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers to
To watch the sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smil'd
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep ;
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muses' eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy !
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields,
The showy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town!
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathom down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the Ark
 First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age
 That first spoke peace to man.

Campbell.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE cherfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide:
 The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 Thy tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame:
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who alone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays -
Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !

The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones, provide !
But, chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind :
What is a lordling's pomp ?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in hearts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent ;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content ;
And, oh may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile ;
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart ;

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realms desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

Burns.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
 When like a king he bore him—
 Proud hosts were there in helm and greave,
 And prouder chiefs before him :
 The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
 The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—
 No daunting thought came o'er him ;
 He looked around him, and his eye
 Defiance flashed to earth and sky !

He looked on ocean—its broad breast
 Was covered with his fleet ;
 On earth—and saw, from east to west,
 His bannered millions meet ;
 While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
 Shook with the war-cry of that host,
 The thunder of their feet !
 He heard the imperial Echoes ring—
 He heard—and felt himself a king !

I saw him next alone—nor camp,
 Nor chief his steps attended ;
 Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
 With war-cries proudly blended.
 He stood alone, whom fortune high
 So lately seemed to deify ;

He who with Heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave!
Behind—the foe; before—the wave!

He stood;—fleet, army, treasure—gone—
Alone, and in despair!
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For *they* were monarchs there;
And Xerxes in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare;
What a revenge—a trophy, this,
For thee, immortal Salamis!

Miss Jewsbury

ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters Heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways :
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, " Behold, he prays !"

In prayer on earth the saints are one ;
 They're one in word and mind,
 When with the Father and his Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

No prayer is made on earth alone :
 The Holy Spirit pleads :
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way,
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

J. Montgomery.

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 'This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Ev'n in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Scott.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 Till Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the house of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“Stay—stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!”
 (And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!
Campbell.

GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb ;
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that fame, perchance of heavenly birth
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd
 earth !

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven, crouching slave ;
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !

These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid ;
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

Byron.

THE SNOW-STORM.

'As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow ; and other scenes,

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient, flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and bless'd abode of man !
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge
Smooth'd up with snow ; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve

The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast

Thomson.

S L E E P.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep !—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ;
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakspeare.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

It was the schooner *Hesperus*
 That sail'd the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter
 To bear him company.

Blue^d were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn-buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm ;
 His pipe was in his mouth ;
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south,

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sail'd the Spanish main,
 " I pray thee put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the north-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ;
 She shudder'd and paused, like a frightened steed,
 Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither!—come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast :
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring ;
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns ;
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answer'd never a word—
A frozen corpse was he!

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turn'd to the skies ;
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands, and pray'd
That savèd he might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows ;
She drifted a dreary wreck ;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho !—ho ! the breakers roar'd !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

Longfellow.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
 Was kissing up the April showers,
 I saw fair Childhood hard at play
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
 Happy,—he knew not whence or how;
 And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
 For not more glad than Childhood's brow
 Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
 That valley's green repose invaded;
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
 But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
 That Childhood watched his paper kite,
 And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip, and glancing eye,
 Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
 But Childhood's glance of purity
 Had such a holy spell within it,
 That the dark demon to the air
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
 And hid his envy and despair,
 Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
 Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
 And proffered him a fearful cup,
 Full to the brim of bitter water:
 Poor Childhood bade her tell her name,
 And when the beldame muttered "Sorrow,"
 He said,—“Don't interrupt my game;
 I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow.”

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
 And wooed him with the softest numbers
 That ever scattered wealth and fame
 Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
 Though sweet the music of the lay,
 To Childhood it was all a riddle,
 And "Oh," he cried, "do send away
 That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
 And taught him with most sage endeavour,
 Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
 And why no toy may last for ever:
 She talked of all the wondrous laws
 Which Nature's open book discloses,
 And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
 Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Oh! Manhood's dreams
 Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
 Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
 Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure:
 But to the couch where Childhood lies
 A more delicious trance is given,
 Lit up by rays from Seraph-eyes,
 And glimpses of remembered heaven!

Præd.

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think,
 That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
 Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
 Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
 Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.

Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age.

Henry Kirke White.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd :
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But though it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

TIME.

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it pass'd away?
 "Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried,
 "So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused?
 Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away;
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.
 Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

Scott.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun.
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he, beside the rivalet,
 In playing there, had found,
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden, for
There’s many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in the great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill’d each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ That put the French to rout;
But what they kill’d each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child, he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born infant died;

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“ Nay—nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory :

“ And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.”
“ But what good came of it at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;
“ But ’twas a famous victory.”

Southey.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

ON what foundation stands the warrior’s pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O’er love, o’er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer’d lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield ;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign :

Peace courts his hand and spreads her charms in vain,
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cried, "till nought remain—
 On Moscow's walls, till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the Polar sky!"
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost.
 He comes—nor want nor cold his course delay,
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his misery in distant lands;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at last her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Johnson

THE VANITY OF GREATNESS.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate:
 Death lays his icy hands on kings;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;

WE ARE SEVEN.

But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:

 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
 Upon death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds!

 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb:
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 That feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
 She was eight years old, she said;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad;
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be?"
 "How many? seven in all," she said,
 And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell;"
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then are ye only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Wordsworth.

PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
 For thou, O God, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Addison.

FLOWERS.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view ?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
 How soothing ! in our last decay,
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stained with fear and strife !
 In Reason's world what storms are rife—
 What passions range and glare !

But cheerful and unchang'd the while,
 Your first and perfect form ye show ;

The same that won Eye's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course⁶ are taught,
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet,
But we may taste our solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and own'd you good,
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm—
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!

“Live for to-day ! to-morrow’s light
 To-morrow’s cares shall bring to sight ;
 Go sleep, like closing flowers, at night,
 And Heaven thy morn will bless.”

Keble.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, ling’ring, flying ;
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark, they whisper—angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away ! ”
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?

The world recedes—it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

Pope.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Belov’d by heaven o’er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor’d age, and love-exalted youth ;

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life :
In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

J. Montgomery.

SUNRISE ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty ;
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare ;
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Wordsworth.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers, for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams ;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning, my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea :
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

Shelley.

THE SWISS PEASANT.

HERE the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But, winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all.

* * * * *

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Goldsmith.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The Vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, ~~then~~,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote and vanish'd. The ~~next~~ night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place;
That is fit home for thee!

Wordsworth.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and of Death,
Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd:
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place why thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock.
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd and haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that fill'd the house with light,
" My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! if He but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

Longfellow.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like Twilight's too her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time, and the cheerful Dawn,
 A dancing shape, an image gay
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food:
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death.
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort and command,
 And yet a spirit still and bright,
 With something of angelic light

Wordsworth.

LINES

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the
Banks of the Wye during a Tour.

FIVE years have pass'd ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur.* Once again
'Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here under the dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings, too,

* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Of unremember'd pleasure; such, perhaps,
 As may have had no trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lighten'd;—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood,
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft, in spirit, have I turn'd to thee!
 O, sylvan Wye! Thou wand'rest through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again;
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he lov'd. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have follow'd, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad muse of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create;
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the muse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
My genial spirits to decay;
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister. And this prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind

* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes the gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

Wordsworth.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw:

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort! the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive: and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

THE SAME CONTINUED.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change—all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,

When on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

Milton.

THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND THE RAZOR SELLER.

A FELLOW in the market-town,
 Most musical cried razors up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteen pence.
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man should buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
 Poor Hodge! who suffered by a thick, black beard,
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose;
 With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers said,
 "The rascal stole his razors, I suppose!"

No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the razors *shave* :
 It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize:"

So, home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze :
'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—" Ah," Hodge sighed !
" I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose his ruff,
So kept it, laughing at the steel and suds :
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing dire vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
" Razors ! a base, confounded bog,
Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began—
" Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives ;
You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives :
Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

" Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm no knave ;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my word, I never thought
That they would shave."
" Not think they'd shave !" quoth Hodge, with wonder-
ing eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
" What were they made for then, you dog ?" he cries ;
" Made !" quoth the fellow, with a smile—" to sell."

Peter Pindar.

KING PHILIP, PANDULPH, AND CONSTANCE.

Pand. LADY, you utter madness, and not sorrow,

Const. Thou art not holy, to bely me so ;

I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;

My name is Constance, I was Geoffry's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !

For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself :

O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be delivered of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son ;

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

Phil. Bind up those tresses :—O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

Const. (*madly.*) To England if you will.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Phil. BIND up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,

O, that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty !

But now I envy at that liberty;
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be, I shall see my boy again:
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday respire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow end my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give you better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head

(Throwing away her head-dress.)

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all, the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

Shakspeare.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past
 There liv'd a man—and *who* was he?
 Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown,
 His name hath perish'd from the earth,
 This truth survives alone—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast,
 His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall,
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For *these* are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er,
 Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled,
 Had friends—his friends are now no more,
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he lov'd, the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
 O she was fair? but nought could *save*
 Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main
 Ere while his portion, life and light,
 To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left, in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,
Their ruin since the world began,
Of *him* afford no other trace,
Than this—THERE LIV'D A MAN.

Montgomery.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear,
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r, who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,

And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies!
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead:
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

Henry Kirke White.

SUNSET IN GREECE.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course—and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delighted dyes.
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before,
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who liv'd and died as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide.
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And, dun and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near 'Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by,

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS.

A COUNTRY fellow and his son, they tell
 In modern fables, had an ass to sell :
 For this intent, they turned it out to play,
 And fed so well, that by the destined day,
 They brought the creature into sleek repair,
 And drove it gently to a neighbouring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
 Was heard to say, "Look ! look there, at that ass !
 And those two blockheads trudging on each side,
 They have not, either of 'em, sense to ride ;
 Asses all three !" And thus the country folks
 On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
 But every word stuck in the young one's head ;
 And thus began their comment thereupon :
 "Ne'er heed 'em, lad." "Nay, father, do get on."
 "Not I, indeed." "Why then let me, I pray."
 "Well do ; and see what prating tongues will say."

The boy was mounted ; and they had not got
 Much further on, before another knot,
 Just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,
 Cried, "O ! that lazy booby of a lad !
 How unconcernedly the gaping brute
 Lets the poor aged fellow walk afoot."

Down came the son on hearing this account,
 And begged and prayed, and made his father mount :
 Till a third party on a further stretch,
 "See, see !" exclaimed, "that old hard-hearted wretch ;
 How like a justice there he sits, or squire,
 While the poor lad keeps wading through the mire."

"Stop," cried the lad, still vexed in deeper mind,
 "Stop, father, stop ; let me get on behind."

This done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
For having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed, by succeeding tone,
“Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
Get off, for shame! or one of you at least;
You both deserve to carry the poor beast;
Ready to drop down dead upon the road,
With such a huge unconscionable load.”

On this they both dismounted; and, some say,
Contrived to carry, like a truss of hay,
The ass between 'em; prints, they add, are seen
With man and lad, and slinging ass between;
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow, says,—The man
Rubbed down the ass, and took to his first plan,
Walked to the fair and sold him, got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice:
“Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;
To think of pleasing all—is all a jest.”

Byrom.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee! but, before thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth :—
She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
*As though she said, " Beware!"—her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot—
An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm.

She was an only child ; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave—
That precious gift—what else remained to him ?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety ;
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come—the day, the hour ;
And in the lustre of her youth she gave.
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

THE SAME, CONTINUED.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there—
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"—
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
 But that she was not! Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst—it fell; and lo! a skeleton;
 And here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—
 "GINEVRA."—There then had she found a grave!
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever!

Rogers.

HOPE.

AUSPICIOUS Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;

There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy hand-maid spirits bring !
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay :
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul :
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps with many a sigh his children dear !

Campbell.

BEES.

So work the honey bees ;
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home,
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

Shakspeare.

DOVER CLIFFS.

. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade !
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy,
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Shakspeare.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The god-like hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd).
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty love).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd
 And while he sought her snowy breast :

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes ! he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew
the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good;
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour, but ah empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head:
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries

See the furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair !
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ·
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

 Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide⁷ the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

Dryden.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.*

AVENGE, O Lord ! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,

* Probably written in 1655. Newton observes: "This prayer, in behalf of the persecuted Protestants, was not entirely without effect. For Cromwell exerted himself in their favour, and his behaviour in this whole transaction is greatly to his honour, even as it is related by an historian, who was far from being partial to his memory. 'Nor would the Protector be backward in such a work, which might give the world a particular opinion of his piety and zeal for the Protestant religion ; but he proclaimed a solemn feast, and caused large contributions to be gathered for them throughout the kingdom of England and Wales. Nor did he rest here, but sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year so engaged the Cardinal of France, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favour to the English

Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way
 Early, may fly the Babylonian woe.

Milton.

SONNET ON MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide ;
 And that one talent which is death to hide,*
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve there with my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide :
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
 I fondly ask ? But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean rest ;
 They also serve who often stand and wait.

Milton.

Roman Catholics, that the Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renewed all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed—so great was the terror of his name ; nothing being more usual than his saying that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome.'—See Echard, vol. 2."

An allusion to the parable in Matthew xxv.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 'Twas pity nature brought you forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

Herrick.

THE BANKS OF AYR.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, press'd with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
 By early winter's ravage torn:

Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly;
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave.
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell! old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those
 The bursting tears my heart declare;
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

L

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

W'ZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But, hark ! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, oh Glenallin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider in there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh, weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead !
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that recks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode,
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars, from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn,
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed, in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight! . . .
. . . 'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near:
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling! Oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!

Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale-

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat,
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their
 gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling as life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Campbell.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS.

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowlèd head,
 And the censer burning swung,
 Where before the altar hung
 That proud banner, which with prayer
 Had been consecrated there.
 And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while
 Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner!—may it wave
 Proudly o'er the good and brave,

When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the heart of these lone hills—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks!

Take thy banner!—and beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner!—but when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquish'd warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared!
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared!

Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee!

And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

Longfellow.

THE FAVOUR OF PRINCES.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again !

Shakspeare.

 EVENING.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seem to be
 Melted to one vast iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, Meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
glows

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters, all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey.

Byron.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah! happy hills—ah! pleasing shade,
Ah! fields beloved in vain,

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty ;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry ;
Still, as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;
Wild wit, invention ever new,

And lively cheer, of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Gray.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall,
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amid the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there was sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—The foe ! They come !
They come !

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes ;—
How in the noon of night her pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring that instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas !
Ere evening, to be trodden like the grass

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

Byron.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way :
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd* pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the Pass ;
Huge as the tower which builders vain,
Presumptuous, piled on Shinar's plain,
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,

Crests—wild as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were those earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair,
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd
Far o'er th' unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes.
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Nightshade and foxglove, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath.
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His scatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow sky.

• *Scott.*

FLOWERS.

YE valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe* primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Milton,

ORLANDO AND ADAM

Orlan. Who's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master ? O, my gentle master !

O, my sweet master—O, you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bony priser of the humorous duke ?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
 No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it !

Orlan. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O, unhappy youth,

* *Rathe*, early ; hence the comparative, *rather*, which, in its original sense, signifies *sooner*.

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives ;
 Your brother—no, no brother ; yet the son—
 Yet not the son,—I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it : if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him, and his practices.
 This is no place ; this house is but a butchery ;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlan. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
 me go ?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlan. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
 my food ?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
 A thievish living on the common road ?
 This I must do, or know not what to do ;
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so ; I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown :
 Take that ; and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold :
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant :
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orlan. O, good old man ; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Shakspeare.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his heart rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man :

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas, that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best ;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would
cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

Moore.

ROSABELLE.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

" Moor, moor the barges, ye gallant crew !
" And, gentle ladye, deign to stay ;
" Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
" Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

" The blackening wave is edg'd with white ;
" To isle and rock the sea-mews fly ;
" The fishers have heard the water sprite,
" Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh."

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
" To-night at Rosslin leads the ball;
" But that my ladye mother there
" Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
" And Lindesay at the ring rides well;
" But that my sire the wine will chide,
" If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Rosslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam:
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Rosslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chappelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea waves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir W. Scott.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind !
 And while to shade my lonely cave
 Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave,
 And while the maple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup unstain'd with wine,
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
 The wren has wove her mossy nest,
 From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
 To lurk with innocence, she flies,
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At noon I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
 And every opening primrose count,
 That trimly paints my blooming mount;
 Or, o'er the sculptures quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray,
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Portray'd with many a holy deed,
 Of martyrs crown'd with heavenly meed;
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn;
 And at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm oblivion's humble grot?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff and amice gray,
 And to the world's tumultuous stage,
 Prefer the blameless heritage!

T. Wharton.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin!
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 'God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more;
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say—To morrow is St. Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household-words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Shakspeare.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there !
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
 The canzonet and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
 These simple joys that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

Rogers.

EPITAPH.

THOUGH short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
 Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
 Yet, merciful in chastising, gave thee scope
 For mild, redeeming virtues, faith and hope:
 Meek resignation; pious charity;
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fix'd on heaven thine unreverted eye!

Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured from the skies!
 In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise!
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
 Simple as unwean'd infancy and pure!
 Pure from all stain! (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
 While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
 Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

Canning.

THE WORLD'S VANITY.

Looking far foorth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight;
 And flag in her top-gallant, I espide,
 Through the maine sea making her merry flight;
 Faire blew the wind into her bosome right,
 And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
 That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
 And at her owne felicitie did smile.
 All sodainely there clove unto her keele
 A little fish, that men call Remora,
 Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
 That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
 Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wring !

Spenser.

BRACKENBURY AND CLARENCE.

Brack. WHAT was your dream, my lord? I pray you
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
 And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling
 Strook me (that thought to stay him) overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly deaths within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slinky bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brack. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Brack. Awak'd you not with sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life!
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,

*That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury :
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment.
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.*

Brack. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brackenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul—
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
(retiring to a chair.)

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brack. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good
rest !

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Shakspeare.

MELROSE ABBEY.

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;

When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower;
 When buttress and buttress alternately
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach me to live and die;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave:
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruined pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

Sir W. Scott.

'TIS TIME THIS HEART SHOULD BE UNMOVED.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move;
 Yet though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Byron.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby!
Still in the vale the village bells ring round;
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;

For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years, and then those sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
" 'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze:
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees,
Vestures of nuptial white: and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round, and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and gazing bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy hath been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing, to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any song of old in hall or bower,
The minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

Rogers.

THE DEPARTURE OF ADAM AND EVE FROM PARADISE.

He ended ; and they both descend the hill :
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before ; but found her wak'd ;
And thus with words not sad, she him received :

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know :
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on,
In me is no delay ; with thee to go,
Is to stay here : without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou ;
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I, unworthy, am vouchsaf'd,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh
Th' arch-angel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast

To the subjected plain : then disappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon :
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. WILL you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Anthony ;—
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd ; if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one),
Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brütus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion :

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of :
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

(*Shout within.*)

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well :—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well: and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god : and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake !
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Bru. Another general shout : (*Shout again.*)
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to have kept his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for the present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved: what you have said,
 I will consider: what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
 Under such hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

c

Shakspeare.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
 O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my lover;
 Or here dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore?

What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sighed!
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far.
 When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
 By light of the moon, her poor Wounded Hussar!

From his bosom that heav'd the last torrent was
 streaming,
 And pale was his visage deep mark'd with a scar;
 And dim was his eye once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your Wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied; Heaven's mercy relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
 Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving!
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!
 His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms—the poor Wounded Hussar.

Campbell.

LIFE.

———REASON thus with life——

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 (Serve to all the skyey influences,)
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by the flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness : Thou art by no means valiant
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm : Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly fear'st .
 Thy death, which is no more . Thou art not thyself ;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not :
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get .
 And, what thou hast, forgett'st : Thou art not certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon : If thou art rich, thou art poor ;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none ;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner ; Thou hast nor youth nor
 age ;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld : and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant . What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Shakspeare.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
 Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripen'd—such a blush,
 In the midst of brown was born—
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
 Which were blackest none could tell,
 But long lashes veil'd a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim :
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
 Lay thy sheaf adown, and come
 Share my harvest and my home.

Hood.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van
 Of public business train'd and bred ?
 —First learn to love one living man ;
 Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ? —draw not nigh ;
 Go, carry to some other place
 The hardness of thy coward eye,
 The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,
 A rosy man right plump to see ?
 Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O, turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away.

—A moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor sod
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own god.

One to whose smooth-rubb'd soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door, press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has view'd ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
—The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land :
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave.

Wordsworth.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love ?

Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past!
 Thy image at our last embrace—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
 The fragment birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprung wanton to be press'd,
 The birds sung love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods, with miser care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Burns.

PERSONAL TALK.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
 From evil speaking; rancour, never sought,
 Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
 And thus, from day to day, my little boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,

The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

Wordsworth.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of
gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways
appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his
childish years.
I cannot say how this may be,—I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious
air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth
me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought
which fills his mind;
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere
doth find:
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together
walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as chil-
dren talk;
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on
bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next;

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him
to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words
which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thought-
ful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him
now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features
be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles
on my knee.
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's,
keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath
ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender
feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass
us in the street,
Will shout with joy, and bless my boy, he looks so
mild and sweet.
A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
I'll sing his little song of love, when left to sport
alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart
may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly
love.
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in
him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years or months where he is
gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live
in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which
he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will
not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now
at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for
ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's
divinest kings.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear
and I),
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never
 cease ;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain
 peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss
 may sever,
 But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for
 ever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we
 still must be,—
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this*
 world's misery,—
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
 grief and pain,—
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him
 here again.

Moultrie.

THE MOTHER.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
 “ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
 In form and soul ; but ah ! more blest than he !
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
 “ And say, when summon'd from the world and the
 I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,

Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply.
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile !
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Thomas Campbell.

THE SPLIT PEARLS.

HIS courtiers of the Caliph crave,—
“ Oh, say how this may be,
That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved of thee ?

“ For he is ugly as the Night ;
But when has ever chose
A nightingale, for its delight,
A hueless, scentless rose ?”

The Caliph, then : " No features fair,
Nor comely mien, are his ;
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And Love his glory is.

" When once a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken casket roll'd amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

" I winking to the slaves that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

" One only at my side remained—
Beside this Ethiop none :
He, moveless as the steed he reined,
Behind me sat alone.

" ' What will thy gain, good fellow, be
Thus lingering at my side ?'
' Why, king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,' he cried.

" True servant's title he may wear,
He only who has not,
For his Lord's gifts, how rich soe'er,
His Lord himself forgot."

So those alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside Himself to claim.

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to His gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to His throne.

While such ^{thy} prayer, it climbs above
In vain—the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love,
Thine own will never be.

Trench.

SPRING.

THE sweet season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart has hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings,
The swift swallow pursues the flies small,
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see, among those pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Earl of Surrey.

FIRST SOUNDS IN EDEN.

WHAT was't awaken'd first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear

Of her new lord ? Or did the holy ground
 Send forth mysterious melody to greet
 The gracious presence of immaculate feet ?
 Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
 Making sweet music out of air as sweet ?
 Or his own voice awake him with its sound ?

Hartley Coleridge.

THE WONDERS OF THE CREATION.

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass.
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood.
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier !
 For ever separate, yet for ever near !

* * * * *

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food ?
 Prescient the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line ?

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
 Who calls the councils, states the certain day ?
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?
 God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds :
 But as He framed a whole, the whole to bless,
 Or mutual wants built mutual happiness ;
 So from the first, eternal order ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

* * * * *

Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
 Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 Learn from the beast the physic of the field.
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
 Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow.
 And anarchy without confusion know ;
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.

Pope.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky ;
 The dews shall weep thy fall to-night—
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
 Thy root is ever in its grave—
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
 A box where sweets compacted lie ;
 Thy music shows ye have your closes—
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber never gives ;
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

Herbert.

LINES ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A
 MORNING WALK IN JANUARY.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
 Sing on, sweet bird ; I listen to thy strain :
 See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek content with light, unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee
 I'll share.

Burns.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

WARSAW's last champion from her height survey'd,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid ;—
 "Oh, heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?—
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
 Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge or death,—the watchword and reply;
 Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew ;—
 Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down,—nor ceased the carnage there;
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!—

Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall.
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook,—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Campbell.

HAPPINESS.

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,—
 His first, best country ever is at home.

Goldsmith.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

FIREd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth, we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:

But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Pope.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warn'd; and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him,
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works—one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O! be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love—
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

Wordsworth.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each heart, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm:
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head!

Goldsmith.

JACOB'S DREAM.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain-zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-Aram's height, abrupt and bare,
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air;
The summit gained, he knelt, and breathed his evening
prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound,
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows;
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand
Like cherub-kings, with lifted mighty plume,
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command;
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

Croly.

SONG OF A GREEK.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
'And men in nations:—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
But when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they, and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

THE SAME CONTINUED.

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers blest
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?



THE SAME CONTINUED.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like those:
It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend!
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Byron.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man ;

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
But oh ! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Addison.

THERMOPYLÆ.

THEY fell devoted, but undying ;
The very gale their names seemed sighing ;
The waters murmured of their name,
The woods were peopled with their fame ;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay,
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain,
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.

Byron.

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees—
 Such tents the patriarchs loved!—oh long unharmed
 May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
 The small round basin which this jutting stone
 Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may this spring,
 Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
 Send up cold waters to the traveller
 With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
 Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
 Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
 As merry and no taller, dances still,
 Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.
 Here twilight is and coolness; here is moss,
 A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade;
 Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
 Drink, pilgrim, here: here rest! and if thy heart
 Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
 Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
 Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!

Coleridge.

ORATION OF MARK ANTONY OVER THE BODY
OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is often interrèd with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful, and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man. ✓
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man. ✓
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it comes back to me.

* * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men : ✓
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;—

Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dear Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.



Shakspeare.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast :
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you ;

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an ev'ning's amusement together repair ;

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back,
And there came the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue ;

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promis'd, that ev'ning, to lay by their sting ;

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin the Mole ;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came, fatigu'd with the distance, the length of an ell ;

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the feast ;

With steps more majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laughed so loud that he drew in his head,
And went, in his own little chamber, to bed ;

Then, as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his
light ;
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me !

Roscoe.

AN EPICEDIUM.

He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him ;
And felt it scarce a pain to part,
Such sun-bright beams came o'er him.
He turned him to visions of future years,
The rainbow's hues were round him ;
And a father's bodings—a mother's tears—
Might not weigh with the hopes that crown'd them.

That mother's cheek is far paler now
Than when she last caress'd him :
There's an added gloom on that father's brow,
Since the hour when last he blessed him.
Oh ! that all human hopes should prove
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow ;
And the cankering fears of anxious love
Ever end in ruth and sorrow.

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming—
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
Or the pennon above him streaming.
He hath reach'd his goal;—by a distant wave,
'Neath a sultry sun, they've laid him;
And stranger forms bent o'er his grave,
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,
With friends and kindred near him:
Not have withered thus on a foreign strand,
With nought, save heaven, to cheer him.
But what reck's it now? Is his sleep less sourd
In the port where the wild winds swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him?
Or share the grief that may cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No—his bark's at anchor—its sails are furled—
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

Alaric Watts.

SONG.

"SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 "Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

Sir W. Scott.

THE LION.

HIGH in the street, o'erlooking all the place,
 The rampant *Lion* shows his kingly face;
 His ample jaws extend from side to side,
 His eyes are glaring, and his nostrils wide;
 In silver shag the sovereign form is drest,
 A mane horrific sweeps his ample chest;
 Elate with pride, he seems to assert his reign,
 And stands, the glory of his wide domain.

Yet nothing dreadful to his friends the sight
 But sign and pledge of welcome and delight:
 To him the noblest guest the town detains,
 Flies for repast, and in his court remains;

Him too the crowd with longing looks admire,
Sigh for his joys, and modestly retire :
Here not a comfort shall to them be lost
Who never ask or never feel the cost.

The ample yards on either side contain
Buildings where order and distinction reign ;—
The splendid carriage of the wealthier guest,
The ready chaise and driver smartly drest ;
Whiskeys and gigs and curricles are there,
And high-fed prancers many a raw-boned pair.
On all without a lordly host sustains
The care of empire, and observant reigns ;
The parting guest beholds him at his side,
With pomp obsequious, bending in his pride ;
Round all the place his eyes all objects meet,
Attentive, silent, civil, and discreet.
O'er all within the lady-hostess rules,
Her bar she governs, and her kitchen schools ;
To every guest the appropriate speech is made,
And every duty with distinction paid ;
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—
“ Your honour's servant—Mister Smith, good night.”

Crabbe.

THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

THE King is come to marshal us, all in his armour
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing
to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our
Lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he
may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
ranks of war,

And be your Oriflamme to day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are coming. Hark to the mingled
din

Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's
plain,

With all the hircling chivalry of Guelders and
Almayne.

Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the Golden Lilies—upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

•

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count
is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our
van,

“Remember St. Bartholomew!” was pass’d from man
to man :

But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is my
foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner ! but let your
brethren go.”

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre ?

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen’s souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright ;

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night ;

For our God hath crush’d the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mock’d the counsel of the wise, and the valour
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of
Navarre !

Macaulay.

✓ THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another’s will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill :

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death;
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame, or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice hath ever understood;
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace and gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend !

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Wotton.

AN INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

It is the spot I came to seek—
 My fathers' ancient burial-place,
 Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
 Withdrew our wasted race.
 It is the spot—I know it well—
 Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side ;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide ;
The plains, that toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed ;
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade ;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the grey chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest ;
And there, in the loose sand is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah ! little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth—
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay, like April snow,
In the warm noon we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind—
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more :
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet.

Bryant.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

OH thou vast Ocean ! ever-sounding sea !
Thou symbol of a drear immensity !
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this ; nor chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air ;
But o'er its wastes the weekly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow ;
But in their stated round the seasons come
And pass like visions to their viewless home,

And come again and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driv
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven!

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again,
To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent.
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
“Eternity, Eternity, and Power.”

Barry Cornwall.

L'ALLEGRO; OR, THE MERRY MAN.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As rugged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne!
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his sides,
Come! and trip it, as you go,

On the light fantastie toe;
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew;
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And, at my window, bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Tower and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks;

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses :
And then, in haste, her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind his sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold ;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eve, by haunted stream ;
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony :
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed

Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? it is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless—
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim,
 Whom hunger sends from door to door—
 Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis that weary man,
 Whose years are at their brim,
 But low with sickness, cares, and pain—
 Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft
 Of every earthly gem;
 Widow and orphan, helpless left—
 Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in thought and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
 Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favour'd than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
 Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery—
 Go, share thy lot with him.

Anon.

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year :
 First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear ;
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock—coloured green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light :
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been,
 The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
 As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad
 That he had banished hunger, which to-fore

Had by the belly oft him pinched sore :
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth, for cold that did him chill ;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil :
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;
That scarce his loosened limbs he able was to weld.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace ;
The one on palfrey black, the other white ;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight ;
And Sleep and Darkness round about did trace :
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly Sun encompassed all with beams bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night ; the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love ;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed

By mighty Jove ; who did them porters make
 Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued),
 Which they did daily watch and nightly wake
 By even turns, nor ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life ; and lastly Death :
 Death with most grim and grisly visage seen.
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath ;
 Ne aught to see, but like a shade to ween,
 Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen ;
 But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
 Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
 Full of delightful health and lively joy,
 Decked all with flowers and wings of gold fit to employ.

Spenser.

NUTTING.

————— It was a day,
 One of those heavenly days which cannot die,
 When forth I sallied from our cottage door,
 And with a wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting crook in hand, I turn'd my steps
 Towards the distant woods, a figure quaint,
 Trick'd out in proud disguise of beggar's weeds
 Put on for the occasion, by advice
 And exhortation of my frugal dame.
 Motley accoutrements ! 'O'f power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, and, in truth
 More ragged than need was. Among the woods
 And o'er the pathless rocks, I forc'd my way
 Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Droop'd with its wither'd leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,

A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in; and with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet, or beneath the trees I sat
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I play'd;
 A temper known to those, who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blessed
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—
 —Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
 The violets of five seasons reappear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;—
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever;—I saw the sparkling foam,
 And with my cheek on one of those green stones
 That, fleec'd with moss, beneath the shady trees,
 Lay round me scatter'd like a flock of sheep,
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease; and of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things;
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragg'd to earth both branch and bough with
 crash

And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower
 Deform'd and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being: and unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the past,
 Even then, when from the bow'r I turn'd away,
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees and the intruding sky.

Then, dearest maiden, move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart, with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is a Spirit in the woods.

Wordsworth.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form swell'd vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:

Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest hue spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth, God ! and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth !
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Coleridge.

GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eyes see them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year ;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts its pointed fury ; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;

And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal Nature! Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
Their forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

Cowper.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

* * * * *

We are never merry when we hear sweet music.
The reason is, our spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet-sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature :
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

Shakspeare.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

O MAN! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest ;
But, oh ! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn.
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the best.
The poor, oppress'd, honest man
Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

Burns.

TRUE BEAUTY.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
 For that yourself you daily such do see;
 But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
 And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.
 For all the rest, however fair it be,
 Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
 But only that is permanent and free
 From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
 That is true beauty, that doth argue you
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
 Derived from that fair spirit from whom all true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
 He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
 All other fair, like flowers untimely fade.

Spenser.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wing'd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few sad last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away, away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the queen moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 •Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 —White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

Keats.

THE SONG OF THE MARINER.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.
“O for a soft and gentle wind!”
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,—
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea!

Cunningham.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand;
 And the prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line;
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each
 gun
 From its adamantinè lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—

Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;—
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;—
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away!

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amid that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Campbell.

THE ORDER OF PROVIDENCE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees:
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this true degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear,
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

Pope.

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep! do they belong to thee,
 These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,
 A captive never wishing to be free.
 This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me
 A fly, that up and down himself doth shove
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,
 Now on the water vex'd with mockery.
 I have no pain that calls for patience—no;
 Hence I am cross and peevish as a child;
 And pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled:
 O gentle creature! do not use me so,
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled!

Wordsworth.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

AH me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
 My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
 For now will cruel Ida keep her back,
 And either she will die from want of care,
 Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
 The child is hers,—for every little fault
 The child is hers; and they will beat my girl,
 Remembering her mother; O my flower!
 Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
 And she will pass me by in after-life
 With some cold reverence, worse than were she dead.
 Ill mother that I was to leave her there
 To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
 The horror of the shame among them all;
 But I will go and sit beside the doors,

And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet—
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child;
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her.
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me,
Who gave me back my child? "Be comforted,"
Said Cyril, "you shall have it:" but again
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so
Like tender things that, being caught, feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirred.

Alfred Tennyson.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION
OF SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice:
In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee,
Of one sweet bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow it would be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

Wordsworth.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
 I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
 There's nae cauld there, Jean;
 The day's aye fair, Jean,
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
 And we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean;
 My soul longs to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye well, my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean;
 We'll meet, and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairne.

SONNETS TO LIBERTY.

I.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flow'd, "with pomp of waters unwithstood"

Road by which all might come and go that would,
 And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands;
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish, and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakspeare spake—the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held. In everything we're sprung
 Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

II.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my country!—am I to be blamed?
 But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 But dearly must we prize thee—we who find
 In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;
 And I, by my affection, was beguiled.
 What wonder if a poet now and then.
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

Wordsworth.

WINE OF CYPRUS.

If Old Bacchus were the speaker,
 He would tell you, with a sigh,
 Of the Cyprus in this beaker
 I am sipping like a fly,—
 Like a fly or gnat on Ida,
 At the hour of goblet-pledge,
 By Queen Juno brushed aside, a
 Full white arm-sweep, from the edge.

Sooth, the drinking should be ampler,
When the drink is so divine ;
And some deep-mouthed Greek exemplar
Would become your Cyprus wine !
Cyclops' mouth might plunge aright in,
While his one eye over-leered—
Nor too large were mouth of Titan,
Drinking rivers down his beard.

Pan might dip his head so deep in,
That his ears alone pricked out,
Fauns around him, pressing, leaping,
Each one pointing to his throat :
While the Naiads, like Bacchantes
Wild, with urns thrown out to waste,
Cry,—“ O earth, that thou wouldst grant us
Springs to keep, of such a taste !”

But for me, I am not worthy
After gods and Greeks to drink ;
And my lips are pale and earthy
To go bathing from this brink.
Since you heard them speak the last time,
They have faded from their blooms,
And the laughter of my pastime
Has learnt silence at the tombs.

Ah, my friend ! the antique drinkers
Crowned the cup, and crowned the brow.
Can I answer the old thinkers
In the forms they thought of, now ?
Who will fetch from garden-closes
Some new garlands while I speak,
That the forehead, crowned with roses,
May strike scarlet down the cheek ?

Do not mock me ! with my mortal,
Suits no wreath again, indeed !

I am sad-voiced as the turtle
Which Anacreon used to feed;
Yet as that same bird demurely
Wet her beak in cup of his,—
So, without a garland surely
I may touch the brim of this.

Go!—let others praise the Chian!—
This is soft as Muses' string—
This is tawny as Rhea's lion,
This is rapid as its spring,—
Bright as Paphia's eyes e'er met us,
Light as ever trod her feet!
And the brown bees of Hymettus
Made their honey not so sweet.

Very copious are my praises,
Though I sip it like a fly!—
Ah—but, sipping,—times and places
Change before me suddenly;
As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
Somewhat low for αἰς and οἰς.

Then what golden hours were for us!—
While we sate together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
Seemed to wave up a live air!

How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines;
And the rolling anapæstic
Curled like vapour over shrines!

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous!
How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarled oak beneath.
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
Who was born to monarch's place—
And who made the whole world loyal,
Less by kingly power than grace.

Our Euripides, the human—
With his droppings of warm tears;
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres!
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
And our Pindar's shining goals!—
These were cup-bearers undying
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

And my Plato, the divine one,—
If men know the gods aright
By their motions, as they shine on
With a glorious trail of light!—
And your noble Christian bishops,
Who mouthed grandly the last Greek;
Though the sponges on their hyssops
Were distent with wine—too weak.

Yet, your Chrysostom, you praised him,
With his liberal mouth of gold;
And your Basil, you upraised him
To the height of speakers old:
And we both praised Heliodorus
For his secret of pure lies;—

Who forged first his linked stories
In the heat of ladies' eyes.

Do you mind that deed of Até
Which you bound me to so fast,—
Reading "De Virginitate,"
From the first line to the last?
How I said at ending, solemn,
As I turned and looked at you,
That St. Simeon on the column
Had had somewhat less to do?

For we sometimes gently wrangled;
Very gently, be it said,—
Since our thoughts were disentangled
By no breaking of the thread!
And I charged you with extortions
On the nobler fames of old—
Ay, and sometimes thought your Porsons
Stained the purple they would fold.

For the rest—a mystic moaning
Kept Cassandra at the gate,
With wild eyes the vision shone in—
And wild nostrils scenting fate.
And Prometheus, bound in passion
By brute force to the blind stone,
Showed us looks of invocation
Turned to ocean and the sun.

And Medea we saw burning
At her nature's-planted stake;
And proud Œdipus fate-scorning
While the cloud came on to break—
While the cloud came on slow—slower,
Till he stood discrowned, resigned!—
But the reader's voice dropped lower
When the poet called him BLIND!

Ah, my gossip! you were older,
And more learned, and a man!—
Yet that shadow—the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids—ran
Both our spirits to one level,
And I turned from hill and lea,
And the summer-sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see.

Now Christ bless you with the one light
Which goes shining night and day!
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance in your way!
Is it not right to remember
All your kindness, friend of mine,
When we two sate in the chamber
And the poets poured us wine?

So, to come back to the drinking
Of this Cyprus,—it is well—
But those memories, to my thinking,
Make a better ænomel;
And whoever be the speaker,
None can murmur with a sigh,
That, in drinking from *that* beaker,
I am sipping like a fly.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



DEATH OF MARMION.

CLARE drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain wide,
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
 A little fountain-cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
 “Drink, weary pilgrim. Drink, and pray.
 For the kind soul of Sybil Grey.
 Who built this cross and well.”
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:

The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear;
 For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"*
 So the notes rung;
 "Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
 O look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O think on faith and bliss!—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And—STANLEY! was the cry:
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted—"Victory!—
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir W. Scott.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
 grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury.—
 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music?

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once :
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing then she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight

(As I can take it, with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here?

Shakspeare.

ON TRUE DIGNITY.

"HAIL, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph-wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow!"
This strain, from 'midst the rocks, was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds, emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Beattie,

THE PATRIOT AND WARRIOR.

LET laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
 Reward his memory dear to every muse,
 Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
 In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
 Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
 And will prevail or perish in her cause !
 'Tis to the virtues of such men man owes
 His portion in the good that Heaven bestows :
 And when recording history displays
 Feats of renown, tho' wrought in ancient days ;
 Tells of a few stout hearts that fought and died,
 Where duty plac'd them at their country's side ;
 The man who is not mov'd with what he reads,
 That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
 Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
 Is base in kind, and born to be a slave !
 But let eternal infamy pursue
 The wretch to nought but his ambition true ;
 Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
 The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste !
 Think yourself station'd on a tow'ring rock,
 To see a people scatter'd like a flock ;
 Some bloody mastiff panting at their heels,
 With all the savage thirst a tiger feels ;
 Then view him self-proclaim'd in a Gazette,
 Chief monster that has plagu'd the nations yet !
 The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,
 Those ensigns of dominion how disgrac'd !
 The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
 And death's own scythe would better speak his power :
 Then grace the bony phantom in their stead,
 With the gay shoulder-knot and gay cockade ;
 Clothe the twin-brethren in each other's dress,
 The same—their occupation and success !

Cowper.

SOLITUDE AND ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 "This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Shakspeare.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
 Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
 Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
 You stand within his danger, do you not? [To ANT.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. 'Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul, I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true; O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :

So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—

"Nearest his heart," those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. But little : I am arm'd, and well-prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do but cut deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that, If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love : I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back. The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands : I have a daughter ;

Would, any of the stock of Barabbas Iad been her husband, rather than a Christian ! [*Aside.* Ve trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ; The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ; The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.— This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ; The words expressly are, a pound of flesh : Take then thy bond, take then thy pound of flesh. But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act : For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd, Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more.
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice—

If it be prov'd against an alien,
 That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
 spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use—to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Shakspeare.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky ?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry ?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth ;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace ;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with Deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight ;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire :

Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky :
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian ! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God ;
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours ;
Haughty as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day ;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Milman

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred !
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight ;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplation :
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gentle o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes ; or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

THE SAME •CONTINUED.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,

Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There, in close covert, by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid:
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high-embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

Milton.

MOONLIGHT.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
I linger yet with nature, for the sight
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood

Within a bowshot.
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old!
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns.

Byron.

THE BARD.

I.—1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound, with toilsome march, his long array;
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering
 lance.

I.—2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I.—3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
Mountains! ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shores they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
No more I weep; they do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II.—1.

“Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race;
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II.—2.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies!
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone; he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o’er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II.—3.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.
Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray ?

Lance to lance, and horse to horse ;

Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we spread ;

The bristled Boar in infant gore

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III.—1.

“ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof, the thread is spun),

Half of thy heart we consecrate

(The web is wove, the work is done).

Stay, oh, stay ! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest'd, unpitied here to mourn ;

In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height

Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll !

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :

All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

III.—2.

“ Girt with many a baron bold,

Sublime their starry fronts their rear ;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear ;
In the midst a form divine !
Her eyes proclaim her of the Briton line ;
Her lion front, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear !
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III.—3.

“The verse adorn again
Fierce War and Faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd,
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nation with redoubled ray.
Enough for me ; with joy I see
The different dooms our fates assign.
Be thine despair and sceptred care ;
To triumph, and to die, are mine !”
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Gray.

HOPE.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh, deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
 Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathom'd shades and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased, on his night-steed, by the star of day !
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,

On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Campbell.

THE WARRIORS OF RODERICK DHU.

HE whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill ;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew ;
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears, and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe.
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart :
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand ;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still,
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass ;
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge ;
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.

The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,—
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave!—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start;
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all!—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Scott.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of the eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,

I sung of chaos and eternal night;
 Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her power
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight,

Milton.

TREES.

AND forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempests dread,
 Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky;
 Much can they praise, the trees so straight and high.
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,

The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
The willow worn of forlorn paramours;
The yew obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the platane round,
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

Spenser.

MORNING AFTER A STORM.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily, and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods!
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is fill'd with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

Wordsworth.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die!

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I do remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff;—and still he smiled and talk'd!
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what;

He should, or he should not: for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
'That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Shakspeare.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give,
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;

Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell:
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

Sir W. Scott.

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smil'd deceitful, on her birth;
For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion, and low-minded pride;
Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content and careless of to-morrow's fate.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves: unstained and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow:
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polished limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe; their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The young Lavinia. •

Thomson.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing down to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:

For men must work, and women must weep,
And here's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
While the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Kingsley.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair ;
And longer had she sung—but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;

But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing :

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power ;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard,
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all that charms this laggard age ;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece ;
Return in all thy simple state ;
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

Collins.

MANFRED'S FAREWELL TO THE SUN.

Most glorious orb! thou wert a mystery ere
 The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladden'd, on the mountain tops, the hearts
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
 Themselves in orisons! Thou material god!
 And representative of the Unknown,
 Who chose thee for His shadow! Thou chief star!
 Centre of many stars, which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the lives
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
 Sire of the Seasons! Monarch of the Climes
 And those who dwell in them; for near or far
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
 Even as our outward aspects; thou dost rise
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
 I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
 Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
 My latest look; thou wilt not beam on one
 To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
 Of a more fatal nature!

Byron.

 MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel in life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Wordsworth.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

" Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee ;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

" Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon, yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

Kingsley.

LIBERTY.

YE clouds! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
 Ye ocean-waves! that wheresoe'er ye roll
 Yield homage only to eternal laws!
 Ye woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind!
 Where, like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms which never woodman trod,
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
 Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
 By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
 O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
 And O ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
 Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
 Yea, everything that is, and will be free!
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er you be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

Coleridge.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 And then, the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justico;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakspeare.

“ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
 PICTURE.”

OH that those lips had language! Life has past
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 “Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
 Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it—here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived:
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;—
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;—
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress—
Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh! the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Cowper.

THE DISSOLUTION OF FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth :
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above :
And life is thorny, and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining ;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Coleridge.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view!
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fallen all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stained with fear and strife!
 In reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions range and glare!

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
 Your silent lessons, undescried
 By all but lowly eyes:
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
 He taught us how to prize.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
 That daily court you and caress
 How few the happy secret find
 Of your calm loveliness!
 "Live for to-day; to-morrow's light
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
 Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
 And Heaven thy morn will bless."

Keble.

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores
 unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all the flatter'd, followed, sought, and sued;
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Byron.

 THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned:—Within a curtained room,
 Filled to faintness with perfume,
 A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed:—A child had seen the light;
 But for the lady, fair and bright,
 She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose :—The lady's grave was green ;
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled :—He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died ! Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story ;
Life—death—and all that is of glory.

Procter.

THE LAY OF THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

I.

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note !
Ho, lictors, clear the way !
The knights will ride, in all their pride,
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
To Mars without the wall.
Each knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crown'd ;
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,
While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends ;
December's Noncs are gay ;
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day.

II.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius,
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,
The city of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheep-folds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat.
And apple-orchards green :
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf, by the fair fount,
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle ;
The hunter twangs his bow :
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below :
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed ;
How in the slippery swamp of blood.
Warrior and war-horse reel'd ;

How wolves came with fierce gallop
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings :
How thick the dead lay scatter'd
Under the Porcian height ;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight ;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the thirty cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV.

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round.
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamp'd deep into the flint ;
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint ,
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in flight,
Will keep thy head away.

V.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen,
That summer a Virginius
Was consul first in place ;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.
The herald of the Latines

From Gabii came in state;
 The herald of the Latines
 Pass'd through Rome's eastern gate;
 The herald of the Latines
 Did in our Forum stand;
 And there he did his office,
 A sceptre in his hand.

VI.

"Hear, senators and people
 Of the good town of Rome;
 The Thirty cities charge you
 To bring the Tarquins home;
 And if ye still be stubborn
 To work the Tarquins wrong,
 The Thirty cities warn you,
 Look that your walls be strong.

VII.

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
 He spake a bitter jest:
 "Once the jays sent a message
 Unto the eagle's nest:—
 'Now yield thou up thine eyrie
 Unto the carrion-kite,
 Or come forth valiantly, and face
 The jays in deadly fight.
 Forth look'd in wrath the eagle;
 And carrion-kite and jay,
 Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
 Fled screaming far away."

* * * *

X.

Up rose the glorious morning
 Over the Porcian height,
 The proud Ides of Quintilis
 Mark'd evermore with white.

Not without secret trouble
Our bravest saw the foes ;
For girt by threescore thousand spears,
The thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city,
That boasts the Latian name,
Foredoom'd to dogs and vultures,
That gallant army came ;
From Setia's purple vineyards,
From Norba's ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all ;
From where the Witch's Fortress
O'erhangs the dark blue seas ;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees.—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain ;—
From the drear banks of Ufens,
Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing
Through the hot summer's day ;
From the gigantic watch-towers,
No work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen ;
From the Laurentian jungle,
The wild hog's reedy home ;
From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.

XXXVII.

Sempronius Atratinus
Sate in the eastern gate,

Beside him were three Fathers,
 Each in his chair of state;
 Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
 That day were in the field,
 And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
 Who keep the Golden shield;
 And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
 For wisdom far renown'd;
 In all Etruria's colleges
 Was no such Pontiff found;
 And all around the portal,
 And high above the wall,
 Stood a great throng of people,
 But sad and silent all;
 Young lads and stooping elders
 That might not bear the mail:
 Matrons with lips that quiver'd,
 And maids with faces pale.
 Since the first gleam of daylight,
 Sempronius had not ceased
 To listen for the rushing
 Of horse-hoofs from the east.
 The mist of eve was rising,
 The sun was hastening down,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 Fast pricking towards the town.
 So like they were, men never
 Saw twins so like before;
 Red with gore, their armour was,
 Their steeds were red with gore.

XXXVIII.

"Hail to the great asylum!
 Hail to the hill-tops seven!
 Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
 And the shield that fell from heaven!
 This day by Lake Regillus
 Under the Porcian height,

All in the lands of Tusculum,
 Was fought a glorious fight.
 To-morrow your Dictator
 Shall bring in triumph home
 The spoils of thirty cities,
 • To deck the shrines of Rome !”

XXXIX.

Then burst from that great concourse
 A shout that shook the towers,
 And some ran north, and some ran south,
 Crying, “ The day is ours !”
 But on rode these strange horsemen,
 With slow and lordly pace ;
 And none who saw their bearing
 Durst ask their name or race.
 On rode they to the Forum,
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,
 From house-tops and from windows,
 Fell on their crests in showers ;
 When they drew nigh to Vesta,
 They vaulted down amain,
 And wash'd their horses in the well
 That springs by Vesta's fane.
 And straight again they mounted,
 And rode to Vesta's door ;
 Then, like a blast, away they pass'd,
 And no man saw them more.

Macau'ay.

THE END.

You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,
 As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir :
 Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind ! We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspeare.

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